

THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

BY SARAH POET CARR

ILLUSTRATIONS BY AL WILLIAMSON

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains. "Uncle Billy," a stage driver, Alfred Vincent, a young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre. Later at Anthony's station they find the redskins have carried their destructive work there also. The station, daughter of Anthony, keeper of station, is introduced. Anthony has been killed. Vincent is assigned his work in unearthing plans of enemies of railroad, being told Vincent visits town where railroad men are working on the road and receive token of esteem from Stella. The old stage driver decides to work close to town in order that he may be able to keep fatherly watch over the young woman. She is engaged as a tutor for Viola Bernard, daughter of hotel owner. Vincent visits society circles of enemies of the Central Pacific railroad and learns their secrets. He returns to Stella, each showing signs of love for the other. Phineas Cadwallader, pushing a railroad opposing Central Pacific, reaches mining town. She writes to Alfred Vincent his boast. Flying his attentions Cadwallader insults her and she is rescued by Gideon, her father's servant. In turn he proposes marriage, is rejected, leaves her declaring he will return the sort of a man she will love. Vincent "shows up" San Francisco and Washoe road and is praised by governor and heads of Central Pacific. Being known as agent of C. P. he decides to retire to position of a brakeman for a short time. Stella hears from her lover, Gideon, and of his phenomenal success. Finds letter of importance involving plans of opposition road. "Uncle Billy" returns in terrible suffering from long mountain trip. Plot to destroy company's ship. Flora is unharmed and intimating evidence against Cadwallader on charge of wire tapping is also found. The letters found by Stella are deciphered by Brakeman Alfred Vincent, who arrives on scene. Impending disaster to Central Pacific is averted by protecting the Flora and sending the ship laden with iron for railroad camp. Phineas Cadwallader faces prison on charge of wire tapping and has interview with Gov. Stanford, sponsor for Central Pacific. Phineas signs statement, promising that he will enter the governor's cause and the latter tells him of a perfect chain of evidence connecting him with plot to blow up "Flora." Support of San Francisco and Washoe road is determined by sale of a link to Central Pacific.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

On the morning of the day of days Gideon returned from his long absence. Stella knew nothing of his wanderings save the little told in his infrequent letters; and she was quite unprepared for the Gideon who presented himself before her. The change she saw in him was mysterious, almost uncanny. Something about him, his clothes, his bow, his voice, an atmosphere she could neither define nor understand, made her feel as if a character before unknown had stepped out of a book to meet her. She was glad there was no time for him, that she could plead the pressure of work for the evening.

He had hardly gone when Yie Wah poked his yellow face into grand-ma's room, where in spite of August heat, four women were playing hurrying needles in last preparations for the evening.

"Charley Crocker, he come now plitty soon."

"Cut my shoestings! Extras, Yie, and hurry!" Sally B. rolled up her work with one hand, smoothed her hair with the other and was out of the room before the cook's reply was finished.

"You callee me Yie Wah! Sabee? All light. Extras plenty gosh quick. I damn bully," he called after her as he ambled to the kitchen, his words following her flying form to the office door.

Standing in the open doorway Sally B. began a voluble welcome to her distinguished guest while "he was yet a great way off," her high words carrying like arrows from a taut bowstring.

Not to the public wash basin and all-servant roller towel, but to her fastidiously clean best room, kept for such emergencies, "Sally B. conducted Mr. Crocker for a wash-up 'n' hair-brush." Without actual need of the ceremony, he was too tactful to decline it, but used Sally B.'s home-wrought conveniences with an appreciative thoroughness that brought broad smiles to her face as she stood by, serving him, and retelling well-selected railroad gossip the while.

The dinner served to the superintendent, seated apart in a corner of the dining room, testified to Yie Wah's fine understanding of the laconic order, "extras." The flag-draped, fringed table, and a stage at the end of the room, aroused Mr. Crocker's curiosity; and Sally B.'s description of the show to be held there that night "for the benefit of Jim Sackett's widow" was so eloquent that Mr. Crocker put in her hand the first five dollars for "a reserved seat," he said.

At six o'clock came a message from Alfred to Stella. "My train is ordered to the front. You'll have to postpone the programme till I come. Set them to dancing, and get Sally B. to explain. She's hostess; it will come properly from her. I'll be there as soon as possible. It will be after ten."

The dispatch met Stella as she went in to supper, early tonight and contrary to her custom.

Teamsters, trainmen, shopkeepers, saloonmen, gamblers, employees of Ingram, Finn & Gould's Fast Freight wagon train to leave in a day or so for the desert, the three musicians from Auburn, a traveling minister—it was an odd companionship of brown, brain and gulle there at supper under the yellow kerosene lights in Sally B.'s hotel. No table-talk served as a sauce to meat; no ceremony graced the daily meal. Men did not eat, they fed—three times a day, if work allowed.

A quick transformation from dining room to theater was followed soon by the arrival of the audience from shop and shack, from saloon, camp, distant ranch—a human mosaic. Sally B. made an effective speech of welcome and explanation; and the ball began. The flare and dip of candles twinkling in the greens; the twang of fiddle; the scrape of heavy boots in "how and swing;" the few well-matched couples that whirled in the dizzying, old-fashioned waltz, winning time from the tired musicians because of their

all was! Stella had not before guessed the possibilities of her little world. "Deal yer dances fair, Stella," Sally B. whispered as she sat by, herself as popular as the light-footed Viola. "Where women's skurce, partiality breeds fights," she added a moment later, when her partner seated her near Stella. "An' look out for Gid. He's got up to kill, hain't he? He'll be jealous, whether ye give him any call or no."

Stella but half listened to Sally B.'s wise advice; her heart was out in the wild with Alfred. She danced automatically, and forgot the warning because Gideon was quickest at her elbow.

"You know no one else can give you as good a dance as I, Stella," he pleaded almost before another had seated her, and bore her off in the face of a dozen disappointed ones.

Ten o'clock! Half-past ten! Would Alfred never come? Mr. Crocker came down to look on, and Stella wished desperately, unreasoningly, that he had gone to bed. Was he only waiting for Alfred? Would business chain him? But surely Alfred would insist on this one night—what little there was left of it.

Ten-forty! A scared-looking boy came in with a note for Sally B. Stella, watching her as she read, saw her face grow white, saw her whisper to the boy and send him away. And she noticed that Sally B. danced and laughed no more.

Alfred came at last, panting, a red spot on his cheek, his lips dry, his

mediate word with Alfred. He told her of it as they walked slowly down the room.

She saw an angry gleam in his eye, saw his set, stern jaw; but he spoke hardly a word. Stella almost felt that his anger was for her. In vain she looked for some tender glance, some whisper that would explain. She could not know that Alfred was fighting one of the fiercest battles of his life; that he was almost ready to strike out with his fist for possession of her, to defy Mr. Crocker, business, all the sane and safe and dutiful things of life. But the wild moment passed, and more than once on his way to the door he looked back tender messages to her.

The supper hour came; but she would not go with Gideon upstairs, where it was laid in the "corral," fearing that Alfred, in his first search for her, would miss her. Neither would she dance afterward, but sat out a scotchische, refusing all on a plea of fatigue.

Gideon danced with no one but Stella, and hung about her, entranced by her new beauty. When at last a waltz was called love and anger joined hands. "Just a few steps, Stella," he pleaded; "when Vincent comes I'll give way. Why doesn't he come in spite of Charley Crocker and claim his dance like a man?"

"But he must stay if Mr. Crocker wishes," she said, her lips defending her heart rose.

"Do you suppose 50 Charley Crockers or railroad jobs would keep me from a promise to you?" Gideon asked vehemently.

Something in Stella's passionate heart responded for a moment to Gideon's lawless flame, though deep in her soul she knew that she more honored Alfred's devotion to duty.

"Anyway, I'd think you would be ashamed to let him see so plainly that you love him. Men don't care for girls that fling themselves openly. They despise 'em."

Stung as by a lash, Stella rose, and without a word stepped out on the floor with Gideon. In any garb he was a striking figure. To-night his faultless dress enhanced his Spanish grace and joy softened his dark, inscrutable

freed was standing by Sally B., who was speaking. An unusual, solemn gentleness in her voice recalled Stella to her surroundings. Mrs. Sackett was dead! What did the people wish done for her that night? Sally B. paused an instant, then went on a little unsteadily: "Will you have this you've paid in here go for the poor woman's debts, an'—an'—for the buryin'."

Assent was quiet but hearty. They did not move at once. Each spoke a few sympathetic words to his neighbor.

There was no more jollity. Admiring young eyes, regretful in the face of tragedy for the early close of their rare festival, watched as a sacred rite the unstraining and boxing of the instruments. Subdued, the people rose, the less bashful to clasp Sally B.'s hand in farewell, others wishing evasively for courage to do the same, yet passing out without venturing the conspicuous courtesy.

Soon all had stepped into the starry night; and the house alighted from merry-making to dreamland.

CHAPTER XV.

"Tis But Thy Name That Is My Enemy."

Alfred did not leave the dining room, but seated himself in the screened niche that had hidden the water cooler from the general gaze. He was glad to be out of the light, even the mild light of sputtering candles. He wished to think, to live over again some of the moments of the night. But the bustle of belated dancers and Sally B.'s hasty orders for his supper annoyed him, till Stella's voice was added to the hubbub, and he found himself straining to catch her every word.

"Huh! It's Yie that's dear. You bet Sally B. say as a soft step came nearer. 'Everybody's gone, and—look out for yer silk trail! I've set a table in among them greens where you an' him play-acted; but the screen's in front so nobody can see in the winder.'"

"How dear you are!" he heard Stella reply.

"Huh! It's Yie that's dear. You bet Al Vincent's the only feller Yie'd make a kitchen fire for at three in the mornin'." Yie's stuck on Al; says he's 'all samee red button Chinaman.'"

Stella made a light movement before she spoke again. "Oh, what nice things to eat, and linen napkins, hem-stitched! And china! Where did you find it all?"

"Oh, them's some bits of high life I've kep' hid for a spell. You kin make the tea soon's the water boils; an' take in the tray. I'm dead tired. Good-night!"

"Oh, Mrs. Sally, you're going to stay, too, aren't you?"

"Laway! You don't want me. An' I want 40 winks 'fore sunup." Alfred blessed her understanding heart.

"You're so good to me," Stella said, and the swish of her silken skirt as she crossed to Sally B. reached Alfred's ears.

"Shucks! Good for nuthin'! I ben young myself once."

An instance of silence followed, an audible kiss and Sally B. tramped out of the room by a side door, while Stella descended to the kitchen.

Alfred was grateful for the stillness, glad that, for the moment, even Stella was unaware of his nearness. He would not speak till there was no danger of interruption.

Yie Wah came in and put out all the lights save the one in the screened corner of the stage. Alfred heard him leave the room and pass through the kitchen, giving Stella an elaborate good-night before he shut and locked the outer door.

With the grating of the key and the assurance of no further intruding, Alfred slipped from the actual, the sordid, into the love-land his Romeo's dream recalled. The darkness was welcome. Not even yet would he call Stella. For a moment he would dream.

No need of lamp or candle; the resplendence of his visions illumined him. The song in his heart thrummed melodiously on, it seemed for hours; yet it was only minutes, and but a few when the rustle of skirts and a second light appearing behind the screen aroused him. The rustling went and came again, and a faint tinkle of china struck his ear. Then he heard his name!

"Mr. Vincent!" softly; and after a breath, hesitatingly, "Romeo."

Alfred sprang out of his nook, but did not speak. There she stood, above him on the high stage, the light from behind the screen flaring sideways upon her; next him the cheek he had longed to kiss in the play, but did not. A little pale she was now, yet so fair and sweet! Her lips were apart, her hand lifted as if to catch the sound of his coming. How beautiful she was! How sweet and womanly! And in the lonely darkness how near and intimate—his own! his own!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

face. Since childhood the two had danced together. Even in the grim desert station Stella's father had often yielded to their coaxing and tuned their measures on his old violin.

She saw Alfred enter and paused suddenly in the doorway as Gideon whirled her on toward him. She caught the frank adoration in Alfred's eyes as it rested on her and the gleam of almost savage hostility as his gaze shifted for an instant to Gideon. Her heart leaped with quick relief. Gideon did not know. Alfred did love her, did not despise her, would—

"Take me to my seat! Hurry, Gideon! I—"

The music stopped suddenly. Alfred's eyes were fixed on the door.

Speaking of the different liquids favored by great orators for refreshment during their speeches, Griffith Boscawen, in his book, "Fourteen Years in Parliament," credits Bismarck with having carried an army bill with the aid of eight lemon squashes. Never was a man and his drink so incongruous. All history protests against the idea of Bismarck even knowing what lemon squash is, for it was Bismarck who boasted to Sir William Richmond that in his young days six bottles of strong wine had no effect on him. And it was Bismarck who lamented: "Ah! English politics has suffered since statesmen have no longer strong heads for wine. They are too cautious, never make a bold stroke." It was a mixture of Moselle and seltzer that Bismarck used in the reichstag to keep his

hoarseness down and his spirits up. The supply used to be maintained by a relay of waiters running between the chancellor's bench and the kitchen. At the zenith of his fame, ministers, secretaries of state and privy councilors were alone worthy to concoct the mixture, and when Bismarck was making his last great speeches in the reichstag they were kept busy behind him with wine bottle and seltzer siphon in composing his drink. For Bismarck required eighteen or two dozen glasses of Moselle and water during a speech.

Willows from Napoleon's Grave.

It is interesting to learn that practically all the weeping willows in New Zealand are products of the supply which John Tinline carried away with him from Napoleon's grave nearly 60 years ago. Mr. Tinline, who was one of the early pioneers of New Zealand, kept them alive on the voyage by sticking them into potatoes.

MISSOURI NEWS

Wins Annapolis Appointment.
St. Joseph.—Elmer L. Woodside, son of Isaac N. Woodside, a railway switchman, secured an appointment in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, leading by far all competitors in the examination. Ray Wilkes of Fillmore, Mo., and John B. Bailey of St. Joseph were appointed first and second alternates.

Burned White Killing Mosquitoes.
Popular Bluffs.—An explosion almost killed the Rev. Charles Burton, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church South here while he was trying to rid his home of mosquitoes by throwing gun-powder on a hot pan. The heat ignited a half-pound can of dynamite which he held in his hand and the blast cooked both hands and burned him badly about the face and chest. The pastor's condition is critical.

Missing Man's Body Found.
Sedalia.—The dead body of Frank Eschbacher, the Katy shopman who wandered away from his home in this city a week ago, was found hanging from a tree two miles west of town. After fixing the noose around his neck and tying one end of the rope to a limb nine feet from the ground. Eschbacher swallowed carbolic acid and swung off the limb. He is survived by a widow and six children.

Routs Bandits in Battle.
Bismarck.—Ignoring the command, "Hands up!" Night Agent Henry Callott opened fire on two masked bandits in the Iron Mountain station. Callott was shot through the right hip and may die. The robbers fled after exchanging a dozen shots. Callott's nerve felled the attempt to loot the station safe of several hundred dollars. Special railroad officers at the head of a posse are searching the country.

M. E. Benton to Manage Folk.
Jefferson City.—Governor Folk, following a conference here with friends announced that he would open his senatorial campaign headquarters in a few days. Former Congressman M. E. Benton, of Neosho, was selected as chairman of the Folk Campaign Committee and R. W. Napier, of Hamilton, secretary.

Supposed P. O. Robbers Arrested.
Chillicothe.—Government detectives, who have been in Northwest Missouri several weeks in search for robbers, who blew open safes in Chillicothe, Hale, Utica and Breckenridge, Mo., have three suspects under arrest at Lake Springs, Mo., ten miles west of this city. A quantity of stamps are said to have been secured. The suspects will be taken to St. Joseph and arraigned.

Folk Club Formed at Windsor.
Windsor.—A Joseph W. Folk Democratic club was organized here with a membership of 125. Professor Nate McCutchan was elected president, Doctor Will P. Bradley secretary, and L. K. Meyers treasurer. It is planned to organize folk clubs in every township in Henry County.

Boy Scolds to Death.
Springfield.—Roy, the 16-year-old son of Jack Moore, four miles north of Marshfield, while swinging on a crane in his father's canning factory with a companion, fell into a scalding vat and was scalded to death. Crazed with pain, the boy threw himself into a pool of water adjoining the factory. His flesh was literally cooked.

Prisoner, Who Escaped Captured.
Polo.—Vern Shutt, known as "Junbo" who with two other prisoners broke jail at Kingstons, August 31, was captured in the woods south of this place by a posse headed by Sheriff Parker. Shutt's two companions were apprehended last week in Burlington, Ia.

Takes Life in Mail Car.
St. Joseph.—E. G. Louk, 30 years old, a mail clerk on the Santa Fe line, choked the mail car, drank carbolic acid and died before the train made a stop. At Agency, Mo., the body was taken out.

Machinist Run Over by Train.
Dixon.—H. H. Fischer, a machinist for the Frisco at Newburg was run over by an engine. His feet were mashed so badly that they will be amputated.

Babe Born in Missouri Jail.
Benton.—Mrs. James Hinkle gave birth to a ten-pound baby boy in the Scott County jail at Benton. Mrs. Hinkle is charged with murdering her husband last January. Thomas Duvall who was charged with complicity in the murder, was acquitted. The trial of Mrs. Hinkle resulted in a hung jury. Her case will be tried again in January.

Old Frisco Engineer Dead.
Springfield.—Thomas Murray, the oldest Frisco engineer, died here.

Mexico (Mo.) Editor Weds.
Mexico.—Lea Mitchell White, son of R. M. White, editor of the Ledger, this city, was married to Miss Maude See of Columbia. The bride is a daughter of R. C. See of Jefferson City who died recently. White is associate editor of the Ledger. He recently published the Denver News Letter.

Golden City Pastor Resigns.
Golden City.—The Reverend Samuel Wiley, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, has resigned to accept a church at Edgar, Nebr.

THE SAFE WAY TO BUY PAINT.

Property owners will save a deal of trouble and expense in keeping their buildings properly painted, if they know how to protect themselves against misrepresentation and adulteration in paint materials. There's one sure and safe guide to a pure and thoroughly dependable White Lead—that's the "Dutch Boy Painter" trade mark which the National Lead Company, the largest makers of genuine White Lead, place on every package of their product. This company sends a simple and sure little outfit for testing white lead, and a valuable paint book, free, to all who write for it. Their address is Woodbridge Bldg., New York City.

Too Hard to Answer.
"Look here, my friend," said a traveling man to the hotel clerk, "I want to ask you something."
"What is it?"
"Why is it that you people always holler 'front' whenever you want a bell boy?"
"Why do we holler 'front'? Why, because—er—simply because it's Looky here, young feller, do you want to know more about this business than I do?"

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

You Know Both.
There is a sort of man who is very polite to your face, but who talks about you after you are gone. There is another kind of man who grumbles about you to your face and lets you alone when you are absent. The latter sort of a man will last longer, with all his faults, than the other man, with all his politeness.—Newark News.

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In all its forms among all ages of horses, as well as dogs, cured and others in the same stable prevented from having the disease with SPOLIN'S DISTEMPER CURE. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 500,000 bottles sold last year, \$50 and \$1.00. Any good druggist, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Write for free book. Spolin Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Lost His Senses at the Last.
Shaver—I hear your uncle is dead. Was he sensible to the last?
Shavee—No, he wasn't. The last thing he did was to cut me out of his will.

Good for Sore Eyes.
For 100 years PETTIT'S EYE SALVE has positively cured eye diseases everywhere. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Treat yourself with respect. If only for the purpose of setting a good example for your neighbors.

Lewis' Single Binder straight & clear made of rich, mellow tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The burglar also has his get-rich-quick scheme.

If Your Feet Ache or Burn use a 25c package of Allen's Foot-Powder. It gives quick relief. Two million packages sold yearly.

Anyway, the man who borrows trouble isn't asked to return it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures colic, etc. See a bottle.

Many a man believes in eternal punishment—for his neighbor.

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Defiance Starch Company, Omaha, Neb.

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Mrs. S. A. Williams, of Gardiner, Maine, writes:
"I was a great sufferer from female troubles, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health in three months, after my physician declared that an operation was absolutely necessary."

Mrs. Alvina Spurling, of 154 Cloybourne Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes:
"I suffered from female troubles, a tumor and much inflammation. Two of the best doctors in Chicago decided that an operation was necessary to save my life. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely cured me without an operation."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.
For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?
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